Greenbook

1964

The Greenbook

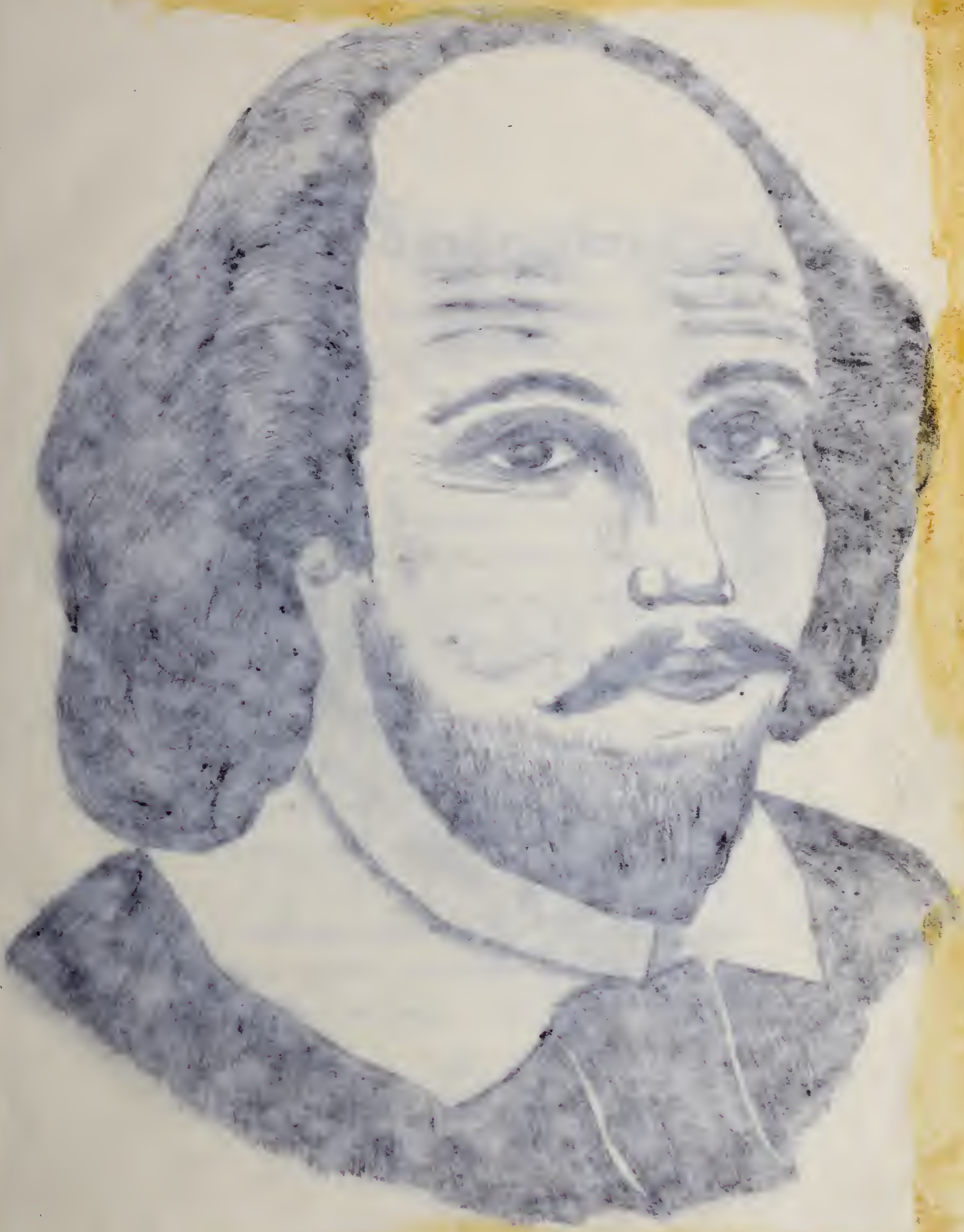
being
a Selle
of
Original Writing
by
Freshman
Rhetoric Students
of
Eastern Nazarene
College
[illegible]

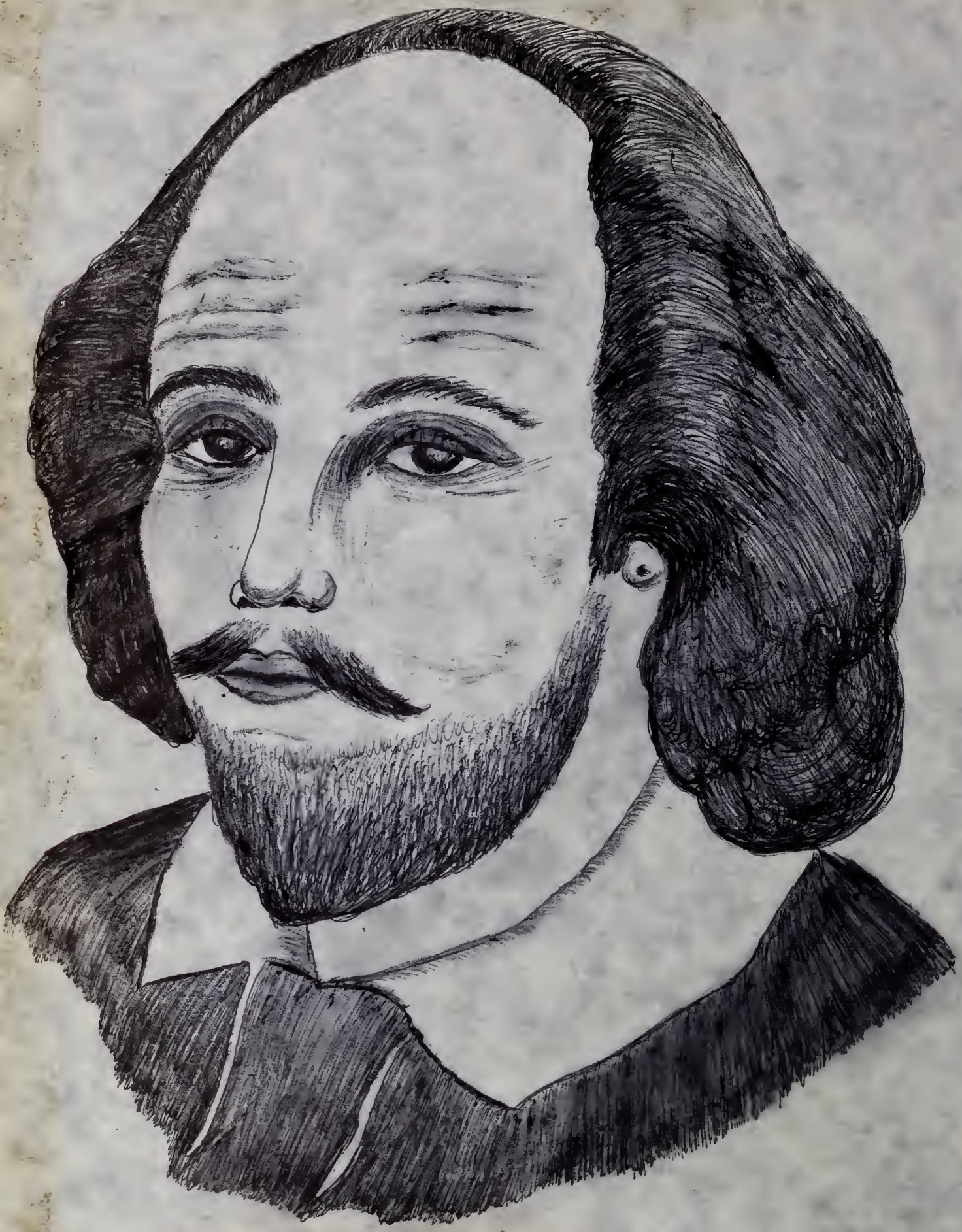
The Greenbook

being
a Folio
of
Original Writing
by
Freshman
Rhetoric Students
of
Eastern Nazarene
College

A.D. MCMLXIV

Tribute





To Shakespeare

Autumn, and dusk, and dying fire--and yet
You live forever in immortal verse.
The waning year, the fading day, the last
Glowing coals--your life is gone, and still
Your words live on.
Today, as in the past,
Your words possess the power to move men,
To stir the soul, to strike a kindred spark
Within the depths of being.
What is this
But genius that can never die, as long
As there are men to read, to hear, and more,
To share your profound insight, feelings, thoughts,
As you should will?
What alchemy is yours,
To turn the black and white of printed words
Into a host of gold-winged messengers
Conveying the song, the drama that is life!

Carol Guston

Dedication

In Dedication

To one who is an interpreter
of "sweetest Shakespear fancies childe";
who made real the vision
of Eastern Nazarene College;
who champions a Christian life
"not somehow, but triumphantly"--
to our Dean Emeritus

Bertha Munro

we dedicate this
1964 edition of
the GREENBOOK

In Appreciation

We, the Greenbook Staff,
would like to express our appreciation
to our advisor, professor

Alice Spangenberg

for her invaluable assistance and understanding
in the compilation of
this year's Greenbook

A Thank-You

We wish to thank

Mr. John MacDonald

of the Bay State Bindery

for his considerate assistance

in the publishing of the Greenbook

Staff

EDITOR	MERRITT NIELSON
LITERARY EDITORS	
ASSOCIATE EDITOR	MICHAEL WOODRUFF GORDON ANGELL JACQUELYN CHURCH CHARLENE HERRON JUDY KNOX
ART	
COÖRDINATOR	JILL LEWIS DONOVAN BOWLEY GRACE DANKLEMAN CAROLYN TEUBENR
BUSINESS	
MANAGER	JOAN DEL GALLO PATRICIA MOTT SANDRA WILD
FEATURE	
COÖRDINATOR	LOUISE NEWTON DOTTY GARRISON MARIE McINTYRE VERNA SAFFEL
LAYOUT	KAREN HUNSBERGER SANDRA WILD BEVERLY WILEY
TYPISTS	JACI CHURCH MIRIAM COLLOM SHERRY DALTON ANNE FITZGERALD KAREN GROVES CHERYL HIERS MARGARET KERNAN
PHOTOGRAPHER	CHARLES EBY

Editorial

Stratford-on-Avon has taken on a festive appearance as England prepares for the celebration of the quadricentennial of William Shakespeare's birth. World renowned actors have arrived there to reënact each of the bard's thirty-seven plays. Distinguished Englishmen and curious foreigners will also be engaging in grand parades and joyous festivals in honor of this universal bard.

Meanwhile, here at Eastern Nazarene College, the 1964 Greenbook Staff has made an attempt to honor the great playwright. For us, he existed and still exists. After four hundred years, we are still freshly aware of the fact that his insight into human personality is unsurpassed, his belief in human dignity is unequaled, and his quotable maxims are unmatched, except for those of the Bible. Thus we have tried to incorporate our past experiences and insights and the experiences of lthe current year in a setting which we hope is typically Shakespearean.

During our freshman year at E.N.C. unprecedented history has been written. The fate of a Hamlet, a Caesar, a King Richard II became that of our President of the United States. What profound intelligence, varied experience, and quick wit was his! He has left a legend that in the future we will relate to our children and grandchildren. How Shakespeare could have elevated this tragedy to a place of honor.

Shakespeare is as modern as today. He has helped us to understand ourselves and to express through the medium of this Greenbook, what it means to be a freshman at E.N.C. in this year of 1964.

Merritt Nielson, Editor.

Editorial

As a part of the 1964 Greenbook staff, it has been a pleasure to read the myriads of Freshmen compositions in preparing this book. They reflect the imaginative, creative, and resourceful minds of classmates writing for their English Composition classes.

As Freshmen eagerly arrived on this campus last September, so they will happily leave in May, having completed their first year of college life. It has been an exciting year of new changes, adjustments, and learning. The compositions in this Greenbook typify the best in Freshmen writing as they encountered new experiences throughout the year and recalled old memories of personal significance.

As the Greenbook staff faithfully discharged their duties, I sincerely thank the staff and classmates who contributed to this book. Thank you also to Miss Spangenberg, who played no small part in valuable assistance to the staff. But, especially noteworthy is the beloved professor to whom the 1964 Greenbook is dedicated, Miss Bertha Munro.

Mike Woodruff,
Associate Editor

Contents

Act I

"This is the long and short of it."

Act II

"Unless experience be a jewel."

Act III

"There's the humor of it."

Act IV

"God shall be my hope,
My Stay, my Guide, and Lantern to my feet."

Act V

"A brave new world,
That has such people in it."

Act I

Impressions

Interpretations of Winter

Winter is sad to some people, like biologists, for it means death to so many things. The trees appear dead; the grass is no longer green; most of the plants, shrubs, and flowers no longer show their colorful blooms. Yes, winter is sad and desolate to some.

But to the youth and children, winter holds such charms as brisk walks to school in the morning, or the playful romp on the way home. It may be snowing too hard for school to be in session, but it's grand for snowball battles, building snowmen, and anything else that children do while playing in the snow. Winter is fun to some people.

Then, too, the young couple finds winter enchanting. The romantic walks through the park on the cool, crisp evening, or the silhouette of the waltzing couple as they glide along on the crystal clear ice of the nearby pond makes winter an enjoyment, to be remembered long after winter has turned to spring.

To the middle-aged and elderly folk, winter is cold, wet, and bleak with many days and weeks of imprisonment. The drudgery of putting on extra coats, scarves, boots, and gloves seems like wasted time and energy for most older people. They think it would be much easier for them to remain inside until the weather clears, rather than trouble themselves with the extra effort. Some consider winter to be a nuisance.

The scenery of icicles suspended from the roofs, the evergreen trees laden with wet white snow, and the stately

bare trees stretching high above the housetops presents the perfect picture for an artist, who finds winter beautiful.

The interpretation of winter is determined by a person's heart, mind, and age.

Carolyn Clemens

What is Love ?

Love is the unexcelled bliss found in the constancy of mutual strength, hope, and satisfaction. It is the admiration of devoted character, the excitement of closeness and whispers. It is loyal affection with thoughtful, unwavering sincerity. Love is respectful, fervent adoration, the soothing warmth of sympathetic understanding. It is joy and laughter, care and protection, the comfort of sure confidence. Love's tender bond of happy emotion is quiet, peaceful, serene. It is gentle, soft, careful, unselfish and helpful. It is a wonder of sheer delight. Love is the ultimate joy of true companionship.

Anne Fitzgerald

Death

When graduation time comes, someone always says, "You will never see some of your classmates again." This is true, you know. If you stop to think about it during graduation, you may think of the classmates that you do not know well or the ones who live far away as the ones you will never see again. You may think of the miles or personal differences separating classmates as reasons for not seeing them again. Maybe you even think of death as a reason, but that is way in the distant future. None of you need to worry about that now.

These were precisely my thoughts last spring when the commencement speaker made this statement. Many of my classmates I have seen since then and others I plan to see in the near future, but there is one I know I will not see again. He is dead.

He was home from college for the weekend. He was hunting with his father. Through a careless action, the gun that he had just used to shoot a rabbit, shot him.

When I heard this news, I was stunned. I wanted to see and talk to him. I wanted to tell him how sorry I was that it had happened and how much we would all miss him. But finality is an aspect of death. It is the end. Nothing more can be said to the person or done for him.

This fellow was not the best in the world. He was a long way from being the best, but that is what I remember about him. I remember him as young and full of life and a person with great possibilities. I do not think of him as a

juvenile or a terror, nor do I think of the four wasted years in high school. I only remember his good qualities.

Death makes you think. Whether you were close to this person or only knew him remotely, you think when he dies. You think about life and how short it is. You think about what you have said to the deceased and how you felt about him. You wonder. Why did it happen? You may wonder when your life will end and what good you have done that will be remembered. You may even wonder what lies beyond death.

Teresa Johnson

Thing

As I approached it, I knew it was something I had never seen before. That my mind could not identify the object aroused in me an unbounded curiosity that drove me toward it. Yet my light unsure feet made prints in the sand that showed my indecision, my caution in the face of the unknown. My mind fluttered like a bird's wing between emotion and reason ... fear, analysis ... caution, comparison ... maybe it was dangerous ... where had it come from ...?

I was walking slowly now, the hot black sand burning my feet, the pitiless sun evaporating my sweat as fast as my body could produce it ... Yet, my hands were clammy, my heart, throbbing, and my brain was flashing staccato thoughts: fear ... new ... danger - unknown, STOP!

Can I proceed into the unknown, brashly ignoring my childhood training; foolhardy, unthinking, possibly jeopardizing my life just because I'm curious? NEW!!! NEw ... new ... Or, can I, being a full grown man, neglect this instinctive caution? DANGER!!! DANger ... danger ...

I must be reasonable. What does it look like, what is it for, does it have a purpose? Where did it come from? A flood of images rush into my mind: tools, weapons, toys..., everything I ever saw or heard about.

It lies inert in the black sand, yellow and white, no longer than my forearm. Can it hurt me, is it from the sky, the water, the land...? Maybe it's alive, vicious....

I've got to touch it. I've got to pick it up. I've got to see what it is.

The sun's rays beat down on the dark sand. The rising water vapor obscures the horizon, forming clouds that soon would drop their harvest upon the land and sea, jungle and sand. This process has and will probably go on for all eternity. And so will the curiosity of man.

# # # # # # #

The native's hand reached down and picked up the yellow and white toy boat that the missionary's son had playfully set adrift ....

Peter Crossman

The Alarm Clock

In my estimation the worst piece of machinery made is an alarm clock. Early in the morning it's the thing that I dislike most. It has no consideration when I am tired. It doesn't seem to care at what hour I went to sleep the night before. It doesn't care whether I really want breakfast or not; it delights itself thoroughly in jumping me from my warm comfortable bed to a state of shock while it clangs away happily. It is very pretty and it looks very nice on my bedside stand. It keeps the time perfectly and never complains about its abuse. But the only way I can keep the contraption quiet on those peaceful mornings is to forget to wind it the night before.

Ruth Russell

Their Problem

It was a little before noon on a routine school day. My head was swarming with unsorted tidbits of "knowlege" just imparted to me through a series of routine lectures. The frustrations of the morning were bearing down on me as I rambled into Civics class tired, bored, and hungry as usual.

The Civics class started off the usual way--with current events. It seemed that even the news was routine: people were killed, there was tension in Cuba, and there were racial riots. Racial riots. First it was Little Rock and grade school children, then the flame seemed to burn a wide path across the South--in big cities, in small towns, in grade schools, in colleges. There were riots at "Old Miss" and other "public" schools. Now the flame was spreading North. Demonstrations were being staged in New York City, in Washington D. C., in Cleveland, Ohio--place after place. Every day there was a new city in the picture but the news was the same. Racial riots.

I was sympathetic to their cause. Something ought to be done about that problem--but then that problem belonged to someone else. Someone somewhere. It wasn't my problem at all. I lived in an elite neighborhood with educated people. We had none of them around. We had no problem. They just weren't allowed in our community.

Oh certainly, they had tried to move into our community. Once, about five years ago, one of those families purchased one of our ranch-type houses. The crowds gathered to welcome

them. True, some names might have been called and some stones might have been thrown, but no one was hurt and no damage was done. In spite of all our efforts, the family soon felt out of place and moved out. The community never allowed this breach of hospitality to occur again.

As you can see, we were liberal. They were our equals. They most certainly had the right to pretty ranch houses, just like all of us--but not next door. They were entitled to good jobs, just like ours--as long as our pay checks were larger. They had a right to a first-class education--but not in our school. Yes, we were very liberal. We had no problem here at all. There was one somewhere else, not here. I had no need to be concerned. There were other things more important--like lunch.

Charlene Herron

I am a Kleptomaniac

You never would have dreamed I was a thief; my acquaintance had all been so friendly and casual. It started with my knocking at their front door one evening. "An entertainer turned salesman," was my smiling approach to them. Not the kind to be taken off guard so easily, they prodded me about my background. To their surprise they found out that I had ties with several of the largest distilleries and prosperous tobacco companies. At present I was an agent for a leading national magazine.

So they let me come into their living room and listened to me for a couple of hours. I continued bragging about my connections and my influence. As you may imagine, they had reservations on the truth of many of my stories. Still they had to admit my experiences excited them. After an interesting evening, they invited me to come back the following night.

It didn't take long for them to realize that my return visit conflicted with a weekly church activity. But they had to stand by the invitation they had given me. Some of them were reluctant to accept me. Gradually yet steadily an attitude of distrust developed among them as I took up more and more of their family life.

The entire day was boring in comparison with their evenings with me. I had an imagination that was captivating. They would sit and laugh themselves sick at all my crazy experiences. There were other times that their hair would stand on end. My scrapes with the F.B.I. and the law were absolutely breath-

taking.

Then I began to affect the children. They just couldn't wait to catch my latest quip or some hair-raising tale. They would have stayed up all hours if the parents had allowed them to. All this distraction was hurting their studies and did their health little good. They soon began to worry about my presence in their home.

One day several of their best books turned up missing. They searched in vain for them. "This fellow may be something of a thief," they concluded. "If he is," they continued, "who can tell what else he has taken from us?"

It all looked very suspicious. The next day they decided to check on me next door. In one home I had entered as a religious teacher. Another neighbor, a salesman down the block, knew me as an efficiency expert who knew all the latest gimmicks.

To all these people, it was suggested a check of their belongings be made. Most of them found something missing. At one friend's home there were no more magazines. In another, the Bible had disappeared. It was also surprising to hear that their usual discussion period and family recreation time were now spent with me. Friends very seldom dropped in because I monopolized the whole evening's conversation.

At long last they realized that I was afflicted with kleptomania. Like an inveterate thief, I had stolen their books, magazines, and above all, their time. Some had lost things of real value. Spiritual, social, intellectual experiences had been taken from them, and replaced by only a

moment's light amusement.

If they could only have kept me in my place, I might be quite harmless to have around, with my bits of news and educational programs. It's all in the way they look at me, T. V.

Juanita Parry

From The Alps

We gloried in the view from the balcony of our hotel, halfway up the mountainside. In the valley below lay the Bavarian village of Berchtesgaden with the twin towers of the cathedral and the imposing Wittelsbach Castle rising from the huddle of red-tiled roofs. On the right, across the valley, rose Mount Wachtzman. According to legend its two great peaks are a wicked count and countess turned to stone for their evil deeds, and the smaller peaks between are their seven children and the dog. Hitler's "Eagle's Nest" retreat stood high on the mountain towering directly opposite us; and to the left, peak upon peak arose, a breathtaking vista across the Bavarian and Austrian Alps, and, on clear days, into Italy. Truly this was a fairy-tale land almost too beautiful to be true!

Carol Guston

Act II

Experiences

Reflections in Beauty

What is beauty? Is it the rose-tinged colors that spill over the sky when day is done, the veil of darkness that softens the stark, exposed lines of day and molds the features of the land together at eventide, the velvet canopy of the night sky glittering with faintly-tinted dots of light, the glass-smooth lake that mirrors stars against a polished face of ebony?

Or is beauty also the city by day-in the sunlight gleaming from the side of a glass and steel-checkered building, in the multicolored lines of traffic noisily threading its way through the main streets, in the coolly splashing fountains shooting heavenward in the park, in the statues holding themselves regally upon their pedestals, in the reds, greens, blues, and gay plaids tracing intricate patterns as the women's coats mingle in the mad rush to keep up with the tempo of the city, in the elegant brocades and sparkling diamonds gleaming from a window of Saks Fifth Avenue and Harry Winston, in the militarily-lined merchandise lying precisely in place, in the jewel-toned hats displaying their colors proudly before several long mirrors, in the chiffon and satin formals gracing a side rack with soft elegance in their golds and blues?

Does beauty gleam from the twinkling signs and the glistening skyscrapers as night covers the city,-from the random lights that scatter themselves along the sides of buildings as a few industrious businessmen work overtime,

from the theater marquees that flash emotional titles of movies, from the long queues of traffic that cross headlights in a wild plaid of confusion?

Or does the human heart hold the only beauty? Is there a beauty in the serene smile of love a mother bestows upon her sleeping child, the look of adoration and joy that a groom gives his bride when she first appears at the head of the aisle, the enraptured gaze of a girl as her young suitor expresses his love for her, the limpid eyes of a child looking trustingly at his father when he takes his hand, the look of awe when a little girl first sees her newborn sister or brother?

And is there a beauty in sound as well as in silence? When a great orchestra reaches a thrilling crescendo, then dies away in a mere whisper of a theme, when flutes and piccolos trill a dainty air, when amidst the perfect silence of a forest, a bluebird warbles a simple melody, when other birds join in his song?

Or are memories beautiful? The silver hair of grandparents, the smell of cinnamon and apple cider, the warmth of winter-time bonfires, the exhilaration of a sleigh ride through gently falling snow, the chiming melody of the old grandfather clock, the sensation of flying as the ropeswing soars amidst the branches, the pumpkin pie heaped high with real whipped cream, the smell of chocolate chip cookies and fudge cake, the texture of the rich noodles in chicken gravy,- all these carry a delicious nostalgia.

Truly beauty is everywhere and is for anyone who cares to see it.

Grace Dankleman

Race Week 1961

It is Quincy Bay Race Week 1961 and the wind whistles a mournful dirge through the stainless steel stays as we hoist the sails, drop the mooring, and head for Hingham Bay and the starting line. Small craft warnings have been posted and the wind whips the whitecaps at our faces in a cold, stinging spray. The waves seem mountainous and the horizon disappears periodically as we dip into a trough, a wall of water surrounding us, and then bob up on the crest of the next wave. Now the bow cuts into a crest, sending a solid sheet of green water across the deck and into our laps. The sail luffs, the battens rattle in their pockets as we spill wind, coming now in knock-down gusts, which otherwise would capsize the boat. Now we are rounding Nut Island and bearing down on Quincy Yacht Club in extremely dusty weather. Our ancient cotton sails strain, translating the might of the wind into forward motion. A cannon shot! A sound as if a sledge hammer had been dropped on the deck! The strain parted the weathered cotton and split the mainsail from head to clew, dropping the boom with a jarring thud on the deck. Heading up into the wind we work furiously to pull down the tattered sail. We realize now that the only race today will be the race for the mooring, on the far side of the bay, with the jib alone for power.

Gordon Angell

My Trip to Walden

One beautiful sunny day last summer, several of my friends and I entered the wooded area around Walden Pond to look for the site of Thoreau's cabin. Following the several signs placed to guide the many visitors, we reached the site of the cabin, which was a chained off section of about ten square feet, surrounded by a cluster of tall pine trees. We read aloud the inscription of the bronze plaque imbedded in a huge rock in front of the site. In high school we had all read Henry David Thoreau's famous book Walden and had enjoyed it very much. Each one of us brought up a special point of interest mentioned in the book, such as the railroad tracks, which Thoreau used to follow into town, the beautiful pond in which he fished, the dense forest, and all the wonders of nature that surrounded him.

All of us being great nature enthusiasts, we decided to walk deeper into the woods to get the feeling Thoreau must have had when he lived there over a hundred years ago. We walked for half an hour, dodging branches and stumbling over rocks and roots hidden by the thick underbrush. Finally we found a spot to sit and rest. Perched upon tree stumps, mounds of grass, and a huge fallen tree, we continued our discussion of Thoreau's life in the woods. This was an excellent spot because there was absolutely nothing, except for an occasional airplane sputtering overhead, to remind us of civilization; no roads, houses, people, or even telephone poles. How Thoreau must have enjoyed his days and nights

spent there in complete solitude and in the midst of nature. Not many people nowadays enjoy a walk in the woods away from luxuries, city commotion, and easy living. To me solitude is a necessity every now and then.

I have often wondered how I would survive in the woods at Walden if I were to re-enact Thoreau's experiment. I would have no modern conveniences such as running water, electricity, radio, or television. I would have to build my own cabin, obtain my own food, cook my own food, and supply my own light and heat. The chances are that I would fail miserably, being so accustomed to our push-button society, but I would surely like to try, just for the experience.

John Jordan

Death Is A Salesman

"Hi!! My name is Hota Edward Liu, and I come all the way from China just to speak to you. May I come in?"

So each day's work began. The grind started in the morning with seven consecutive hours of boring classes. Then, in the late afternoon, we were taken to our districts where They would leave us so that we could do Their dirty work. We were to canvass an area selling as many of Their products as possible - and selling as much of ourselves as we dared.

Every set of encyclopedias that we sold for Them marked a little bit of our own deterioration. They did not care how much of us was lost as long as Their products were promoted. To Them we were only cogs in a vast machine which could be replaced at any time. But we knew we were not cogs. We knew that life must have both a purpose and a meaning, or at least in the beginning we knew.

"Thirty-six ninety-five is quite a reduction from forty-seven dollars. Right?!!"

We got a reduction, all right.

When we first started working, we were healthy, full beings. After the first week of canvassing, we were physically exhausted. After the second week of canvassing, we became mentally exhausted. By the third week, we became empty shells; we did not want to know anything except that we had to sell as many encyclopedias as possible. We had by now worked ourselves into a groove as we knocked on doors and parrotted our hour-long

sales pitch from five o'clock until nine o'clock. Then we would sit at the checkpoint and wait, one, two, three, and sometimes even four hours to be picked up by Them. We usually counted the time by our cigarettes...one cigarette for every five minutes of waiting, and every day we smoked at least two and a half packs of cigarettes.

We could no longer remember warm, beautiful nights. The nights now always seemed to be black and damp and dingy and putrid. The loneliness of night also became unbearable. They only left one person off at any one place. When we worked, we were alone. When we went into people's houses, we felt like intruders, because we were alone, but They taught us never to show our fears or our feelings of loneliness. We had to act as if we were old friends of the family of every house we entered. We were never invited into anyone's house, but we went in anyway. No one ever really wanted to buy Their encyclopedia, but we sold them anyway. We did not really want to work so long and so late, but we worked anyway.

"What do we want?!"

"Money!!"

"What are we going to get?!"

"Money!!"

"Where are we going to go?"

"Texas!!!"

We never made it to Texas, but we canvassed most of Philadelphia by foot that summer. Monday through Friday we worked from five o'clock until nine o'clock, and on Saturdays, we worked from two o'clock until nine o'clock. The work was

hard for a summer job, but it paid well; it gave us dark circles under our eyes; it forced us to use stimulants such as cigarettes and coffee; it made us sick of the way we had been taught to help ourselves to other people's money; it pacified us by offering us money; it lured us into its own trap just as it had taught us to lure others into our traps; it turned us into little money grabbers, trying to become big money grabbers. We were completely changed from the all round student to the young prominant, "white collared". Our life's nectar had been completely drained, and we had been refilled with the polluted waters of greed and envy. We rotted away in four short weeks when we worked that summer as door-to-door salesmen; both my soul....and I.

Hota Edward Liu

Fallen Angel

It was December and Christmas was drawing near again. The natives on our little tropical island of Barbados in the Atlantic were preparing for what was to them the most important time of the year. The echoes and sweet strains of Christmas carols could be heard in the air. All around there was a feeling of Christmas.

This stir and feeling of expectation for that wonderful season inspired the four of us children to act out the Christmas story for our parents and friends. When we were between the ages of seven and twelve, we often got the urge to provide entertainment for our parents. Sometimes we conducted weddings and married our one-and-only brother to one of our girl friends. Other times we dug into the used clothing barrel and put on a fashion show. This time, however, our brainstorm was to put on a play.

Since our parents were out calling we jumped at the chance to have a rehearsal. My oldest sister Reba was the director. Mary-Esther, next in line, played the part of Mary. My younger brother James was Joseph and I was chosen to play the part of the angel Gabriel.

We decided to hold the play in a little rectangular balcony off my second story room. Although the balcony was small, it had many windows which provided us with fresh air.

Finally we got the rehearsal under way. It seemed to me that the time for my entry would never come. Impatiently I stood waiting on an old trunk behind a torn bedspread we had

draped over a string across one end of the room. Under the double sheet that was awkwardly draped around me, I could feel beads of perspiration trickling slowly down my back. Feeling I could not bear it much longer, I gave a sigh and leaned against one of our wooden jalousie windows. The window was hooked with a small nail which couldn't take the strain of my weight. Before I realized what I had done, I was falling head over heels through the air. The last thing I can remember was seeing our hen and her twelve chickens below running with fierce determination for the far corner of the yard.

Coming out of a daze, I tried to sit up. Oh, how my body ached! Pains shot through my head. From above me I faintly heard Reba's voice saying, "Joey, how did you get down there?" The truth must have dawned on her for in another minute she, along with Mary-Esther and James, was at my side. They panicked and all started talking at once. Blood came oozing down my face and arms. Finally they all pitched in and carried me back upstairs.

Fortunately my parents soon got home and we related the whole story to them. I think I cried harder over the thought of going to the hospital than I did because I was hurt. My family and friends seemed to think that I tried too hard to be an authentic angel. For months they teased me about my effort to fly. To them I was the little fallen angel.

Joanne Jones

Smoke? Of Course!

I hastened over to my friend's house and asked him breathlessly if he'd like to take a trip to the lake with us and have a ride in our new speedboat. "No," he answered bluntly as he reached for the pack of cigarettes which lay on the stand beside. "I don't have a life jacket, and I can't swim. I love life too much to take the chance of plunging into an early grave."

As I tugged at the cans of cranberry sauce on the top shelf at the super market, one of my neighbors gasped in horror, "You mean to say that you dare to eat cranberries! You know that they're apt to cause cancer, don't you?" Then she stuck the half-smoked cigarette back into her mouth.

"That Jimmy Brown drives as if he were in a hurry to get to the graveyard," muttered Mrs. Smith while pulling a "coffin nail" out of the pack that protruded from her purse.

"The air in this bus is terribly stuffy," grumbled the haggard old lady who sat beside me as the smoke from the cigarette hanging in the corner of her mouth circled before my face.

Mrs. Brown, all shook up over the news of a recent plane crash, came bustling into the kitchen. "I have always said I wouldn't risk my life in any old airplane. I enjoy living too much," she choked as she nonchalantly snuffed out the burning end of her cigarette in a saucer which was waiting to be washed.

Then, of all things, she had the nerve to poke a pack

of "cancer sticks" in my face and ask if I'd care for one. I almost told her what I thought of "coffin nails." I almost informed her that she was swiftly approaching a premature grave. In fact, I had had a desire to tell every smoker I had come in contact with what I thought of the habit. But, who am I that I should begrudge any of my fellowmen, living in America-the land of the free, the pleasure of digging for themselves an early grave if such is their desire?

Kathy Kilponen

Box 284

I've finally found that I do have one fault. It's a fault I simply can't get rid of. I've tried, I've punished myself, I've reasoned with myself, I've even prayed, but the problem still remains. Other people don't seem to have this problem. All my friends are very calm and seem to have themselves under control while I stand there with my blood starting to boil and my hands trembling from anger. My health is being ruined and my nerves are going to pieces all because of my empty mailbox.

Because of this mailbox my homework has suffered and my sleep has been hindered, to say nothing of the countless number of times my mind has wandered in class and my professors have wondered if there was really any reason for my being in a class. Each day I went to my mailbox in eager anticipation, knowing that for sure I'd get a letter from home, a card from my aunt, or perhaps even a box of cookies from my brother, but each day I was disappointed. The box on the left was full of mail, the box on the right had three letters, the one on top had a package slip, and the box below mine had at least an advertising bulletin, but my box was always empty. No matter how long I waited, no matter what kind of weather I came through to get to the box, or how kind I was to the knobs on the door of my box, it never had any mail. I pleaded, I joked, I ordered, and even one day when no one else was there (which is a rare occasion as you well know if you also have an ENC mail box) I talked very earnestly to it. I explained that I was becoming very lonely and felt

as if no one cared that I was down here any more, and all this because I hadn't received one letter yet this semester. The next mail delivery brought no results though. Still I had no mail. I was sure my mailbox didn't like me and I knew that I held a grudge against, of all things, a mail box.

Since my birthday was last week I expected at least birthday cards even if I didn't receive a letter, but they didn't arrive until the day after my birthday. This day I was very upset. I hadn't received any acknowledgement that my birthday had arrived, and when I saw that I had no mail I was angry, upset, and hurt. This combination was just enough to make me find out about my mail. I rushed madly up to the business office and inquired as to whether I had received any mail at all. You can't imagine what they told me. They said that I had been looking in the wrong box and that my real box was full. I had the combination to 284 and wouldn't you know that 283, the box at the left of mine, would be the one that was really mine? Here I was holding a grudge against the wrong box. Yes, I am ashamed of myself but I can't help being a little nasty to #284 still.

Ruth Russell

Shake Hands And Be Artful

As I stood in the back of the church waiting for the rest of my family to finish talking, I noticed Mr. Go-getter coming in my direction. I tried to slide out the door quickly before he saw me, but was unable to escape his clutches. As I went to open the door he said, "Lovely day, isn't it?" At the same time he thrust his hand out in a rather obtrusive fashion. I tried to ignore his hand, but I had no choice but to smile and put my hand in his. Knowing full well what was to come next I agreed superficially with his comment about the weather. I stood there dreading the next few moments. He always grasps my hand as though it might get away and then squeezes it so tight that I'm afraid my fingers will turn blue from lack of circulation. And that's not all. Don't forget this is a hand shake, and he believes in a hearty one. As he shook my hand I began to actually vibrate up and down, up and down and around. Finally, he released my hand and walked away. I stood there feeling as if someone had just turned off one of those vibrating belts designed to help one lose weight.

Then just as I recovered, Mrs. Never-cooperate walked up. She spoke so softly that I was not even sure she had spoken. I remembered her handshake and I felt an icy chill begin to run up and down my spine. Shivering I took ahold of the object hanging limply in front of me. It felt like a lifeless, cold, clammy fish; once again I had chills like ice dancing up and down my spinal chord. A lump in my throat made it hard for me to speak.

The lump lasted until Mrs. Friendshake walked up to me with a smile beaming on her face. I was surely glad to see her for she had learned the art of shaking hands. She put her hand forward in one steady movement toward my right hand. Automatically I found my hand in the firm but not harsh grip of a person who had learned how to shake hands in a manner which made one fell warm and happy inside.

Hand shaking is an activity in which we have all engaged. There are many ways to shake hands but very few people know the correct way. Correct hand shaking is an art of friendliness, which everyone should learn for we will all be called on many times to perform. It is useful and profitable to know the correct manner, the friendly manner of hand shaking.

Cheryl Mason

A Nation Loses Its President

Friday, November 22, 1963, as I was ironing in the basement, the news flashed over the radio that our 35th President, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, had died by an assassin's hand. I ran upstairs calling to Mrs. Schwartz in disbelief. The statement was absolutely true. Returning to the basement dazed, I fell down the steps. Coming like an earthquake, the crime had shaken me, had shaken others, had shaken a nation.

The nation stood still. Stock markets closed, Senate adjourned, the grindings of big cities stopped. People were shocked at first; they would not believe it. Televisions were turned on across the nation, and as the people watched they realized it was true. Some of them cried, others reacted in anger, and some sat, expressionless, in front of the gray box. Everywhere people asked, "Have you heard?" As darkness settled, they realized it was true, they couldn't believe it. But they realized it was true.

For the next few days, everyone stayed glued to his television as the nation expressed its grief. Emotion was deeply felt with the President's wife and family. As a national day of mourning was called, the nation united in one emotion as it witnessed the pageantry and dignity of the funeral ceremony. With the end of the funeral the mourning was not over, but there began an examining of the situation which would make such a tragedy possible.

As the people looked at themselves, they wondered who was really responsible for the President's death. As a nation, we

A Nation Loses
Its President

were all guilty of a lack of concern and responsibility. We permitted hatred and prejudices in our presence. Some people focused the blame on one individual, Lee Harvey Oswald, but when we looked within ourselves, we realized that our nation had produced such a man, and there were others like him. Oswald pulled the trigger, but society gave him the gun. The nation and each of its citizens shared the burden of responsibility.

When the President died, we lost a great man, but we also lost some of our smug self-satisfaction. Because he died at the prime of life, the things which he stood for and his qualities as a leader were enshrined. During the funeral, our nation and the office of the President achieved a dignity which it had never before known. But finally, and possibily most important, we as citizens awakened to our responsibilities and felt a surge of patriotism, inspired by a man who had been our leader, our friend, and was now only a memory. The memory, however, is vivid - the man is gone, but he has become immortal.

Jill Lewis

Arlene

Hurricanes are frightening but fascinating phenomena of nature. Last August, Hurricane Arlene invaded the small, peaceful islands of Bermuda with her winds and rain. At about ten in the morning the winds, which had been gradually building up, arrived in full force on an island which was almost totally unprepared at that time, due to a faulty report of the weather bureau. With the wind came a slight rain which was so heavily mixed with salt spray from the ocean that it was impossible to tell if there was much rain falling at all. The wind tore down lines, trees, and the roofs of houses. At one time the blasts were so heavy that a clump of six trees was blown down. At a local cemetery one large tree whose roots were ripped our of the ground destroyed several graves and tombstones. The wind played utter havoc with the small boats anchored in one of the main harbors. Several craft were swamped; many were ripped from their anchorages and smashed against the rocks.

At approximately twelve noon the wind suddenly stopped, rain ceased, and the dark grey clouds rolled away leaving a beautiful blue sky. Great fluffy white clouds floating against this background gave many an impression of security. However, this was not the end but the eye of Hurricane Arlene. Although the weather looked beautiful it was not really that way. When the wind stopped it stopped completely, leaving everyone gasping for breath. The high humidity coupled with normal August heat, unrelieved by a single breeze, was overpowering. Birds began

dropping all over the island out of sheer exhaustion. They had flown into the eye to escape the storm and had had to continue flying until they reached land. When they reached the islands, they fell like rain and sought shelter among the rocks for the next part of the storm.

The eye lasted only about thirty minutes. Then the winds blew again, this time from the opposite direction. Trees, such as the clump of six that fell in the first part of the storm, were lifted up until they were again vertical for a few seconds, and then were gently laid down on the opposite side.

After two hours of blowing, the storm ended abruptly. The wind and rain stopped and the sun came out. One would never have believed a storm had ever been there until he looked around. In all direction wires and trees were down and branches littered over every available spot of ground.

Arlene was the first hurricane I ever saw. After what I saw her do I am content to let her be the last.

Miriam Collom

The Capital City

The city I claim as my home is different from any other city in the United States because it is the capital of our great nation. Washington D. C. is unique in that it is the home of Congress and it houses a strange composition of people.

The presence of Congress in our city affects our lives in four ways. First, Washington does not have home rule, and therefore Congress is not only the government of the United States, but is also the local government of Washington. Second, because Washington is the center of the nation's government, we live politics. One may live next door to a Democratic senator and across the street from a Republican representative. All States are represented here and all ideas are heard. From the minute one President takes office until election time comes again, the speculation of who will be our next President is a major issue. Washington sees what goes on behind the scenes of Congress. We know the Congressmen personally, we know their political "schemes", and we know the terrific power they wield in shaping the course of our nation. No one can live around Washington and not be interested in politics for that is our life.

The third way in which Congress affects Washington is in our news. I never realized how much news we got in Washington until I came to Boston. The nation's capital is news conscious. We don't have what is called the "local news" for our local news is national news. The coverage of both national and

international news is very thorough because Congressmen must know "the whole story." Every national problem is our concern and every international development is a cause for disagreement. We get to know the more prominent Congressmen by hearing them expound on each issue. The President's news conference is always televised, and sometimes during the day we will hear what has transpired in Congress. Thus, because of Congress, Washington is more conscious of the international and national affairs.

Last, Washington's emotions rise and fall with every pulse beat of international affairs. The nation's capital has strong emotions: from the shock of the assassination of President Kennedy to the unspeakable joy at the success of John Glenn. We feel the world is watching our city because Washington is a symbol of the government of the United States. Congress is in session longer each year and as the world is being drawn closer together, Washington, and the government she stands for, is the center of international affairs.

The other unique thing about living in the capital of the United States is the composition of its population. Two main groups of people who live in the nation's capital are the military and the political. The military play an important part in the defense of Washington. As a result they are the first to know when there is a crisis. Because of the constant shift in the world situation, a military person is always on the move. The schools are affected more than anything else for it is impossible to predict school enrollment from year to year. Teachers who are wives of military men often must

leave within a week's notice. The military live a life of their own military interests.

The other group of people are those connected with politics. Washington is turned upside down when an incoming President represents a change in party. For example, when President Kennedy came into office, there was an influx of Democrats and a decrease in Republicans in the population. Local policies are changed, heads of departments are changed, and even your job might be changed. Our city has many pressures groups and lobbyists, and someone is always picketing the White House. Everyone in Washington is, in a sense, a politician for each has his own ideas for solving the world's problems.

For all these reasons, and more, Washington, the nation's capital, is truly a unique city.

Janet Murray

Act III

Comedy

My Pet Peeve

Do you have a pet peeve? I sure do. People who are always contradicting somebody else, me especially, irk me no end. I mean, sometimes I would like to-well, I don't know exactly what I would like to do to them but it would be pretty terrible.

While telling a joke, have you ever been interrupted by some "helpful Henry" who says, "It was a goat not a horse." Or "The waiter's name was Pat, not Joe." Doesn't it make you kind of want to scream or something? I mean, it's all the same difference anyway, isn't it?

Even by just contradicting jokes this buttinsky loses more friends then he has, but when he keeps it up in class he really starts making enemies. Say, for example, that you are talking about this messenger, Miltiades, who dropped dead at the gates of Athens after running day and night to announce the victory at Marathon and you finish and you are satisfied and so is the prof. But this guy has to raise his hand and say that the messenger's name was really Pheidipedes. I mean you may say, "Credit where credit is due." But this guy has been dead thousands of years, what difference does it make to him? And, thanks to your pal, you just got a sizeable hunk cut off a good grade.

These guys make me so mad! But then, guys aren't the only guilty ones--girls sometimes even seem a lot better at this type of thing than guys. I mean they get so much more practice. Maybe they're saying how cute Mary's cousin Joan's baby is and

one says, "Isn't it her cousin Linda's?" None of them have ever even laid eyes on cousin Joan or cousin Linda-, so who cares? It's not going to end the world, is it?

Then there is always that certain girl you're walking out under the stars. In the conversation you casually remark about the brilliance of the planet Venus on this particular evening and she immediately contradicts, "But isn't that actually Jupiter? It's much too high above the horizon to be Venus." What do you do then? Do you act as though nothing had happened or do you take your female Tycho Braugh back to the dorm? It has kind of spoiled your evening, hasn't it?

I know I shouldn't but I feel real good when one of these know-it-alls falls into his own trap. Some of them are foolish enough to try their stunt on a prof and that is when I start rejoicing. They have to get up pretty early in the morning to pull one on a prof and I can see the axes coming down on their necks. The saying goes, "You get what you deserve." I mean--well, you know what I mean.

Gordon Angell

Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

One of the nicest habits in our society is smoking. Not only are cigarettes relaxing and enjoyable, but the commercials are also very soothing. Walk through any development or down any street and watch the people contentedly smoking cigarettes or laughing about the new Winston commercial.

It's always refreshing to stroll through the open meadows and pastures on a warm spring day, holding your girl's hand and gently puffing on a Salem. "Take a puff, it's springtime."

However, when I'm riding a horse in the dusty plains or when I round up the cattle at sunset, I always enjoy Viceroy because I'm a "thinking man" and "think for myself", and also because "Viceroy's got . . . the taste that's right."

We all have our romantic moods. This is an especially good time to hide some of our tension and irritability in a soothing "spin filter". Old Gold spin filters always "do the trick" when I am overcome by one of these frustrating romantic moods.

A fresh "hint of mint" always is a welcomed change in a Newport. It "makes the difference; so fresh and mild, it makes the difference. It's soft tasting." Yes, Newport filter cigarettes always will have a place in my heart and house.

However, when in Marlboro country, do as the Marlboro country people do: smoke a Marlboro cigarette with its "filter, flavor, and flip-top box." After riding in the hot

sun and through the mountains, I like to "settle back with a Marlboro cigarette." I also smoke them because Julie London sings that "catchy" tune with her seductive, but sweet, voice.

A change in scenery is what every person should experience as often as possible. Of course, you can't always make the desired pleasure trip to the mountains or to a cool mountain lake, and so the cigarette designers have produced a cigarette to "dream you there." Its name is Alpine. I'm glad someone cares that much for our population. Isn't America grand?

Finer tobaccos are hard to find, but "Lucky Strike means fine tobacco (L. S. M. F. T.)." This cigarette, however, is not suited for the female sex. It's too strong. Besides, a man has to have some of the "finer" things of life too.

For the professionals, the micronite filter seems to be extremely appealing. Kent satisfies millions of professional people in their everyday lives. After a delicate heart operation or after a cancer-filled lung has been taken out, a docter can enjoy the micronite filtered cigarette, Kent.

Here are more down-to-earth reasons why I smoke:

1. The pleasant fragrance of cigarettes always makes your breath Pepsodent fresh.
2. Cigarettes make you look older and more important.
3. Everyone likes you more when you smoke.
4. It helps you to make new friends when you blow smoke around them or directly in their face.
5. Smoking makes girls look sexy and gives the boys that masculine look and fragrance.
6. Smoking helps the imaging process. For instance, if you want to be walking in a nice green pasture on a

sunny spring day, smoke Salem.

7. Cigarettes make you much more likable when the stale smell settles snugly on your hands, face, hair, and clothes.

Of course, there are more reasons. But it doesn't matter which brand I smoke, as long as I get cancer.

Jesse McFarland

A Modern Henry David Thoreau

One summer, after having read Thoreau's WALDEN, I decided that the carefree life of a hermit was just for me. I could sit around a campfire, miles from civilization, and reflect on the intimate mysteries of life itself.

I packed the few essential items I would need and drove to the wilderness area known as Cape Cod. I parked my car, made camp, and began to unload my u-haul trailer. I took out my motorcycle, my television set, a radio, my skindiving gear, a motorboat, a small refrigerator and stove, a month's supply of food, and a few other necessities of life.

Now you musn't think that this wasn't the deep woods, because I'm proud to say I was almost a quarter of a mile from the nearest shopping center.

I spent my days watching T.V., reading comic books, and skindiving. Sometimes, but not often, I would undertake a strenuous motorcycle trip to town. At night, after such a hard day, I would sleep in a local motel. I didn't sleep in the woods because of the wild animals. Only the day before I had spotted a wild squirrel and a herd of man-eating chipmunks. Every morning I was up at the crack of noon and ready to go.

After ten days of this outdoor life, I became quite physically tired from my labors and had to return to civilization. To the average person, this rugged life is not appealing; but if you are the athletic, nature-loving type like me and can cope with the forces of nature, it is an ideal way to spend two weeks. However, be sure to bring a long enough extension cord for your T.V.

David Daniel

The Day the Bees Migrated

I suppose most people believe that bees are unfeeling insects which stay cloistered in a hive most of their short lives. The bees down the street from my Aunt Grace, however, were transient, amorous creatures that constantly sought adventure.

My Great Uncle George brought five hives full of bees with him when he moved in with my aunt. He had piercing brown eyes that contrasted sharply with his full white mustache. Uncle George never indulged in small talk; in fact he never spoke at all unless it was absolutely necessary. He liked to be around crowds and would sit in the midst of Aunt Grace's parties until all the guests left.

His deafness and partial blindness never obstructed his adventurous spirit. Whenever he stayed alone in the house, he often conducted experiments; he boiled honey all over the stove, made tea from geranium leaves, and constructed oddly-shaped bee hives.

He was an avid health addict who believed in walking before the sun arose. At five o'clock in the morning we heard the clarion call of "Breakfast!!" He expected us to come and share cold sweet potatoes and coffee with him, and he waited impatiently while we staggered, blearly-eyed, to the table. And always near his plate sat a huge brown pot of honey.

The bees lived behind the house in a small, rectangular plot of jimson weeks which was once a garden. Often in

summer afternoons I could hear the anguished squeals of a freshly-stung dog as a tiny dart found its mark. The neighbors hated the bees, but they were too much awed by Uncle George to approach him on the subject. He took great pains, both mental and physical, to give the bees loving care, but they thanked him by stinging him artfully on the nose. Whenever he cared for them, he dressed in a heavy yellow raincoat and a veiled straw hat that made him vaguely resemble my Great Uncle Charlie in his Warld War I gas mask. Uncle George donned his habit daily and collected honey amidst many hymenopteric protests. He peddled the honey to unsuspecting neighbors who wondered who he was. He never divulged his identity to his customers and always sold his wares at either six o'clock in the morning or ten at night.

Mrs. Shook, a Lithuanian lady who also kept bees, lived on the neighboring block. She had a twenty-two year old son who worked in his father's office punching holes in construction paper, all the while mumbling to himself. His recreation consisted of going to foreign movies and sleeping until the usher woke him. His mother, however, was quite alert. Whenever Aunt Grace and I visited her, she always wanted to give us some "schnapps." My aunt, the assistant treasurer of the local temperance union, usually decided that we should leave at that time. Mrs. Shook had a stentorian, borschat-type accent which completely disguised the English language.

One day a great swarm of bees settled upon Uncle George's hives. Two hours later all the bees were gone. The swarm phenomenon occurred for three days between noon and six

o'clock. At 3:00 on the third day, Uncle George became exasperated and decided to follow the bees on their mysterious evening journey. He donned his yellow raincoat and veiled hat and waited. At four o'clock the swarm descended tornado-like and bore his bees away. Their trail led him to Mrs. Shook's lush gardens.

He viewed the scene wryly, then resplendent in slicker and straw hat, he charged to the house and pounded on the door.

Mrs. Shook answered.

Uncle Goerge: "Ma'am, your bees are a public menace!"

Mrs. Shook: "Who is this!"

Uncle George: "I can't hear you."

Mrs. Shook: "I do not understand."

Uncle George: "Your bees were trespassing on my private property!"

Mrs. Shook: "Who are you?"

Uncle George: "What?"

The conversation continued fruitlessly for ten minutes. Finally Mrs. Shook shouted, "Me no understand you. You no understand you! You go now!"

He stormed away, unfortunately, through the garden. The bees caught his anger and stung him repeatedly. He fled to Aunt Grace's house and hobbled upstairs.

The next mornign we slept peacefully. Uncle George did not stir from his room the whole day. That evening Aunt Grace persuaded him to confess. She interpreted the story to Mrs. Shook, who finally apologized.

Now the bees swarm peacefully. Mrs. Shook, however, is not quite so lavish with her shnapps.

Grace Dankleman

War

Have you ever heard of adults playing a child's game? I have. The game is called "war."

The toys used in it are many and varied. Loving care went into making them, for a game is only as good as its pieces. There are pistols, revolvers, rifles, submachine guns, machine guns, artillery, planes, tanks, ships, submarines, rocket launchers, guided missiles. Not to mention A-bombs and H-bombs. But that's not the beauty of it. The beauty is this: all the time the adults are inventing newer, bigger, and better toys for newer, bigger, and better games.

The game begins when one country cannot get its own way. Because of this it declares war on the enemy, the country which will not give in. Suddenly, adults become like children, eager to play war, thirsty for glory, certain of victory. After that they go to school--to learn how to kill. For that is the only requirement of the game: that they know how to kill. Then they go to the front, ready to put a bullet in the head of the enemy. Or, if they are more adventuresome, to bayonet him in the stomach or to strangle him with a rifle sling.

War is like hide-and-seek. The enemy hides and the others try to find him. Or they hide and the enemy tries to find them. This can be fun because they get a chance to live out-of-doors, in God's own house, so to speak. It might be in green woods, alive with the songs of birds. Or in a jungle teeming with wild animals. Or in the mountains, which will give them a panoramic view of the world -- a fine, beautiful world. Or

in a valley, with high mountains punching holes through the clouds. Or in meadows, with streams meandering through them. Or on sandy deserts or seashell-littered beaches. But sometimes they have to go through water and mud of torrential rains. Then it's not so good. But it's still fun, because the enemy are every where around, and they have to find him. Sometimes they do. Other times they don't. Still other times the enemy finds them. Then they lose. But there's only one thing wrong with losing: they are dead. And that's not so good, because it is too permanent.

Then, when the game is over, both sides give back the land they took--not the lives, just the land. Or they give away other land in compensation, people and all. After that, they are, of course, good friends. They are? Not quite. For the loser is usually a sore sport, and, eventually figures out a way to get even. That usually results in another war.

What would happen is someone took their toys away...?

Daniel Lutts

My Gift Necktie

I suppose it's sticking my neck out to say so, but it seems to me it's high time somebody did something about gift neckties.

Now don't misunderstand me--I don't have anything against ties, as such. I recall vaguely a few years ago when getting a tie around my neck required all of the strength that Mother had. I'll admit that there are times even now when I think a sport shirt is just as good-looking as a stiff collar with a tie. No, I am not starting a campaign to eliminate the necktie as an article of wearing apparel. I am simply protesting against having someone buy my ties without some consideration of what I like.

For instance, take the tie that my mother's best friend gave me for my birthday one year. I had always regarded her as a pretty good "Joe". Her previous gifts to me seemed to indicate that she had spent some time thinking about what I could use. When her package came this year, I had visions of a clean new wallet. I'd hinted broadly when one failed to show up in my Christmas loot. Oops, I mean gifts!

That's why it was such a disappointment when I opened the box and saw a tie. Well, really, that was only part of the reason. I could use it all right, since several of my long-time favorites had been confiscated by my mother to occupy an honored place in the guilt she was making. The thing that really pained me was that even the most casual glance showed that she had spent no thought on picking that

tie out. Vermilion is a lovely color, but a vermilion tie with chartreuse triangles shot with gold is hardly appropriate for church.

I didn't know what to do with the thing. Writing a "thank you" note was bad enough without wearing the thing!

I put the tie far back on the rack in my closet. Overhearing a telephone conversation, I learned that my mother was needing more material for her quilt. When she sorted my ties again, I asked her if she would like to see my new tie.

She said, "Not now, dear. I'll look at it later. By the way, that reminds me. I need some more ties for the quilt I'm making. I think I'll sort your ties again."

Glancing at my watch, I said, "I'll pick out a few of my more unsightly ties. How many did you want?"

"That's very sweet of you, dear, but I've plenty of time," Mom said. I waited anxiously for her to go into my bedroom and pick out my ties.

I shudder even now remembering what my friends said when I wore that hideous tie. I couldn't stand it. After the third time I upset the shoe polish bottle and splashed it on the tie. Clumsy me!

Now with Christmas coming up, I'm holding my breath again. This is why I say, and with some feeling, that it's time somebody did something about gift neckties!

Dominic John Vigliotti

Peanut Butter - The Parsonage Happiness

What is happiness? Happiness is a peanut butter sandwich in a Nazarene parsonage. Happiness is quite often present in the parsonage: peanut butter is usually around. It is kept close at hand in case it is needed, and it often is. It comes in big and small jars, chunky and smooth. Happiness becomes ecstacy with jam, jelly, preserves, fluff, bananas or pickles. It can be on bread, toast, muffins, hamburg, crackers, steak, or straight from the jar. It can be breakfast, lunch, supper, after-school snack, midnight snack, or all, for it is an essential part of life. A preacher once said: "A Nazarene parsonage is not a Nazarene parsonage without peanut butter."

A dollar's worth of peanut butter will serve for many meals. It is lasting for it sticks to everything - including the roof of the mouth, the ribs, the table cloth - and stays. Peanut butter is also nourishing and quite filling. These qualities make it an economic necessity in a parsonage.

What does a peanut butter sandwich really mean? Most Nazarene ministers start out on a very small salary. Only the necessities of life can be bought. Spending is at a minimum. When money can't go any farther, peanut butter takes over. Because it is inexpensive, easy to prepare, and nourishing, it becomes a way of life. Peanut butter is a symbol of security, for it is always there. It represents home and family and happy childhood memories.

This happiness should never be taken away from the parsonage. Pastor's salaries should never be raised for peanut butter

might then be taken from the diet. Happiness would then be lost. Children would grow up insecure and frustrated, never knowing what it is like to have peanut butter for breakfast, lunch, supper, and in between; never knowing the warmth of memories a peanut butter sandwich can bring; never knowing what they have missed.

Charlene Herron

Part IV

Religion

Act IV

Religion

A Most Glorious Memory

In the spring of 1961, I had the great privilege of visiting the Holy Land for a few days. The trip was wonderful, but, as I stayed in Old Jerusalem and in the surrounding area, I was extremely disappointed to find most of the bibilical places, not as Jesus saw them, but covered by Moslem Mosques, or else Roman Catholic Churches. These churches seemed to cheapen the sacred and significant places.

On the very summit of Mount Ascenscon I found a mosque. Inside was a large stone which supposedly held the last footprint of Christ as He left this earth. Also, in Bethlehem there is a great Catholic Cathedral over the birthplace of Jesus. Here there are masses and special services for Mary, held daily. When I saw these historical churches and shrines, they belittled my idea of Christ and His life.

However, there is the picture of one particular place engraved deeply on my memory. This is the picture of the Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea.

On the street side of the green gate is painted a simple sign reading, "The Garden Tomb." As I passed through this gateway, I was struck with the loveliness of this small garden. The majestic shady trees gave a feeling of strength and power. The beautiful rock gardens were covered with multicolored little flowers. There was no smoke nor soot of a large city, but the fragrant scent of the deep red roses floated up. Down a shady walk to the right I saw an ancient wine-path, of which Christ often spoke. On the small terraces there grew various

types of beautiful small flowers and shrubs. Through the rocks flowered out many green ferns. Everything seemed to be growing naturally and peacefully. Then to the left I saw a sight that has stayed with me ever since. Hewn out of the face of a great white rock, in the side of a small cliff was the entrance to the tomb in which the body of our Lord was after His cruel crucifixion. Nearing the opening, I stooped and entered. Inside were resting places for five bodies. Only one of these sepulchers had been completed. It was a place on the floor with a shelf above the head and feet. When a body was placed here, the sepulcher was then sealed off with great stone slabs.

As I stood looking through tears at the place where the body of my Jesus was supposed to have been laid, I was utterly speechless. A great revelation of my littleness and insignificance - and His glory - swept over me. The atmosphere in this tomb was too wonderful and glorious for words to express. I felt as if Christ Himself was standing, in person, at my side. All the centuries since that great day seemed to slip away. The whole wonderful story of the Crucifixion and Resurrection passed before my mind's eye. Then besides this consciousness of Divine presence, I heard the soft voice of the minister in charge of the garden quietly quoting appropriate scripture. I stood for a long moment in silent worship and adoration of God who had sent His only begotten Son to die for my sins - insignificant and small though I be. Then I bowed and went out into the sunshine and beauty of the garden once more.

At this moment the great realization came to me that

truly the tomb is empty! -- Ever since that Easter morning two thousand years ago it has been empty. Truly Christ arose from the dead. I serve a risen Lord, who is alive and at the right hand of God today.

Gerald Hayse

African Diary

"Ali sheni." (It, the sun, has risen.)

At this four o'clock hour, I am awakened by the African world coming to life. Since I have lived on this isolated spot in Moçambique for three years, my ears have become accustomed to the sounds peculiar to Africa. There is no sound from the bare feet of the African people as they go to their gardens. Occasionally, I will hear the whimper of a baby strapped to the back of some mother who did not take time to nurse her child.

I then recognize the gurgling of water being carried in a five gallon tin. The Zulus call this tin a "go-go-go" for that is the way water sounds in this vessel when it is being carried on the head of one of the African women. As she comes nearer and nearer to my window, I can even hear the heavy breathing of the Shangaan woman laboring under her load. My curiosity lifts me out of my bed, and I peer through the curtains. Even in the dim morning light, there is a reflection from the water that is spilling just a little from the top of the tin. The leaves placed on the top of the pail, and the steady, even gait of the woman prevent much splashing.

Clang! Clang! Clang! The early morning bell is repeated in rhythm over and over again, faster and faster. I cannot see him from my window, but I know from the metre of measured rhythm that it is our cook boy, Antonio Monjane, standing like the bell ringer in the belfry of some great cathedral tolling the bell. I imagine that he stands erect

and hammers with a long bolt on the old pieces of iron hung from a wooden pole to awaken more than one hundred workers. It is morning. Time for school.

"Nhlekani." (Good afternoon.)

In the hot afternoon I can see the heat waves dancing on the horizon. Occasionally, a girl my age will pass by--a Shangaan girl with bronze skin, carrying a heavy pail of water on her head. Her posture is perfect as she glides in the smooth African gait. Even the cawing crows are quiet on a hot afternoon such as this, and no frogs are croaking in the marshes.

As the afternoon wears on, I read from the pages of Mansfield Park. Soon there comes a soft voice from outside the screened-in verandah. It sounds like someone saying a prolonged "s." Actually, it is one of my African girl friends standing there at the door in her bare feet saying, "Com licensa." It is the Portuguese phrase which the Africans use to knock at the door. Literally translated it means, "With your permission." I look, and there stands Tate Lenora.

Lenora is a Shangaan girl about my age. She is dressed in a green cotton dress with buttons of different colors and sizes down the front. Now and then I can see her pink cotton petticoat sticking out below the hem of her dress. I know she has cleaned up for this occasion, because I can smell the scented soap. Her smooth black skin glistens with the Vaseline she has rubbed on as her final beauty preparation. Her fuzzy black hair is screwed into short little pigtails about

three inches long. In her hand she carries a small basket plaited from the reeds in the marshes.

I open the screen door and motion for her to come in. She bows, looks down at her feet, and steps softly onto the polished floor of the verandah. I motion for her to sit on the wicker chair. Then I sit down opposite her on a similar chair. Only then does she greet me.

"Nhlekani." (Good afternoon.)

I reply with the same word.

Her next question I know before she asks. "Are you still alive?"

I answer that I am. To be polite I then ask her the same seemingly silly question. To this she grunts in assent. Then, the conversation runs along like a lazy brook on a summer afternoon, not really going anywhere, but just seeking another place for the water to run. Naturally, the language is her native tongue, Shangaan. Her use of the words is easier than mine. But, if I do not understand, she gladly lets the brook of her conversation run in a slightly different path until I understand. We talk about how high the corn has grown and how wide the peanut vines have spread, about the water, yesterday's rain, and the coming weather. Also we gossip a little--just a little! Sometimes she sits and stares at me, content to be near. Then she breaks the lull by giving me, with both hands, the little basket of roasted peanuts. This basic food of the land is certainly from her own garden that she has tended. Morning after morning she has gone to her field, and with her short handled hoe has chopped the weeds from between the vines.

Today she brings this token of her labor to me. With both of my hands I receive her gift. I cannot hope to be as eloquent as she, but mustering my best Shangaan, I thank her graciously. I remark how large are the peanuts and how well they have been roasted.

Then the brook of chatter rambles on. We talk of that lion that visited our area; of the native who killed a buck a few kilometers away; of the girl who was bitten by a snake; and of our servant who had not come to work because of a scorpion bite. She sits twitching every few moments with the nervousness of being in a white person's house. And then the tall native schoolboy stands in the doorway and says, "Hi tadya." (Come and eat.) Of course, Lenora hears. Without moving from her seat, she remarks, "I am going." I reply that I have been happy to see her and I hope she will come again.

"Salani," (May you stay well) is her final farewell.

"Fambani," (Go well) I reply, and we rise together.

She returns to her African world, and I enter the white man's house.

"Li pelili." (It, the sun, is finished.)

The shadows lengthen as the sun slips behind the horizon. As I sit on the screened-in verandah again, I see even the bleak desert become enchanted with the silhouettes of the palm trees. It is like the final frames of a home movie as I watch the figures emerge and pass in that moment of African twilight. I can see the path that leads from the well. From between the trees there eases forth a yoke of oxen, sauntering along pulling

[illegible]

the two-wheeled cart. As the ox-cart draws nearer, I can hear the moan of pain from a child lying on the floor of the springless cart. In a few moments, the wheels of the cart squeak by. I guess they are on their way to the clinic for medical help.

Across the field from between the straggly casava plants there springs a herd of goats. Close behind them comes a nearly naked African boy with a long switch in his hand. He is running to and fro seeking to direct the scampering goats. When the goats approach our peanut field, he runs around them and with a shrill whistle that seems to have meaning to speckled goats, he redirects their path.

The sun is setting and the light is even fainter, but from between the trees I can see the approaching figures: the water carriers, the native girls from the village. As they draw nearer, the colors of the sunset reflect on the water-splashed tins. The girls file past with the oldest in front and the others following, according to age and rank.

"Li pelili," I greet them. (literally translated, "It is finished," meaning the sun.)

The girls smile, return my greeting and are gone from view. The sinking sun leaves on the horizon only the tallest palm trees. The wind blowing through the trees makes a sound like rain or the rustling of taffeta skirts. Stillness settles like a soft comforter only to be disturbed by the distant throbbing of the drums. Beyond the scope of my vision most certainly there is beginning to unfold a pagan dance whose beginning awaits this fall of night.

Jacquelyn Church

Works of God

The night was dark and the stars were barely penetrating its murky depths. A passing cloud partially obscured the half moon. To my left shone a star which was not a star: the planet Jupiter. To my right flickered the pinpoint of light which is the planet Saturn. My friend put the 75-power eyepiece on his telescope and I stared at the heavens.

The pock-marked surface of the moon leaped into focus. It was not much, really. Just a small chunk of rock reflecting sunlight at the otherwise dark world. But it was impressive. I guess that was because, while viewing it, I was already there, standing on its dusty surface--before the first astronaut. Its sharp, pointed crags and its barren, level plains were lighted by soft earthlight. Overhead, the black sky was alive with stars--not twinkling stars, but burning stars. I had never seen so many in my life. It all made me feel lonely and desolate.

But there was a strange kind of beauty to this lifeless place, one which appealed strongly to my heart.

Next, I sighted in on Jupiter, the giant of the plants. It was pretty small, but not small enough to have lost its beauty. Its surface was covered with rings, or belts. I do not know exactly what they are. Somehow, Jupiter did not impress me. It was beautiful, yes. But that was all.

I turned to Saturn, expecting much the same reaction. But what I saw filled me with awe, and its image has never left me. The planet looked not too large, perhaps a quarter

inch in diameter, but at least half of the space was taken up by its rings. It was surrounded by the blackness of space, as the other bodies had been, too, but for some reason I had not even the darkness until then. A feeling of awe slowly crept over me as I watched it: a ringed ball surrounded by blackness. And all I could think was, It shouldn't be up there! It's impossible! It's just-----hanging there! Nothing to support it! God must exist--otherwise the whole thing is impossible! The more I watched that planet hanging in nothingness, the more my mind wheeled at the thought. It was just . . .there--a planet larger than earth, suspended by nothing--not even a string! I could not take my eyes away from it. Its magnificence and mystery were incomprehensible. It was hard even to believe that it was there.

I realized that I was nothing in the eyes of the universe-nothing. Just a minute speck of humanity gazing upon one of the mighty works of God.

And beyond that were more planets. And more stars with their own planets--an uncountable number of stars, and infinite number of galaxies, an expanding universe . . .

All shaped by the hand of God.

Daniel Lutts

New Tricks

You remember the old saying, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks?" Well, here's an old dog who's learned a few things. When I embarked on this voyage last September, I did so with one strong assurance in my heart, that it was God's will. I had prayed--He gave the promise.

Taking my seat that first day among fresh, bright young faces, I suddenly felt very old and realized there were many thick cobwebs in my head. It didn't seem possible they would ever be swept away. Would I ever learn to apply myself and study again? God helped. There were times when it seemed the devil was working overtime putting obstacles in my way. Yet within my heart was the assurance that I was in the center of God's will, no matter how impossible the situation seemed.

My course in English Composition has taught me that I have much to learn. There has been stirred within a desire to learn to express myself properly. I have learned to uproot some 'set' ideas, to accept myself as I am and most of all to appreciate the example of one who has command of the English language.

At one point along the way I was ready to give up. Clearly one night I awoke to the music, "I will make the Darkness-Light before thee." That song stayed with me for days. I knew if God's finger had pointed the way, then His hand would guide.

I still feel like an "old dog" many times, but an "old dog" who is learning to jump through smaller hoops and hotter fires, to train me to be a better person.

 Betty Mollica

Confidence

The chill of the early, September evening air was cool enough to tingle the end of each sensory nerve, so accustomed to the warmth of humid, summer nights. With characteristic clatter, the tires of the last automobiles had moved over the mteal grating which connected the large ferry with the wooden docks. The chain had already been drawn across the narrow ramp which opened onto the deck.

With a piercing blast from the horn of the old vessel and the creaking and squeaking of the wooden dock walls against it, the ferry lurched, then quietly pulled out into the smooth, inky waters of Chesapeake Bay. The only sounds were those of the whining engines, the splashing water, and the murmuring passengers. All else was deathly still.

The white, damp fog rolled in over the almost empty deck filling the spaces where there were no cars. The fog, thick and clammy, along with the greasy smell of the smoke from the engine room, held no appeal for the uncomfortable passengers. Most of them had retired to their cars, except for one lone figure standing on the bow. With hat pulled low and collar turned up, he seemed to be braving the whole bay and the unfavorable elements by himself.

The fog began to thicken and seemed almost suffocating. Scarcely five feet in front of the ferry the dark eerie waters disappeared into the hazy mists. The whining engines grew quieter. The already sluggish boat moved very slowly through the water. The only sound was the occasional gurgle of the

calm water lapping the sides of the boat. The people no longer talked, but sat quietly in their cars. The lone man standing against the smudgy railing of the bow appeared to be the only one who dared to confront the darkness and fog.

The fog horn blasted out its warning to other ships and its signal of approach to the other shore. But no port was in sight. To those who had traveled this way before, the slow smoothness of movement made the trip seem incredibly longer; but to those who for the first time had traveled this run, it seemed the beginning of an eternity.

Still there was no port in view, no responding call. The people grew restless. They murmured and wondered and became panicky, for the ship had almost come to a complete halt because of the density of the fog. The brackish, foggy air affected them much the same as briny water affects the thirsty sailor. Could the captain bring them safely to shore?

It was a small, glowing spark at first, but as the ferry grew closer it enlarged into a giant, golden beacon. The horn blared out again, and coming back with the distant echo was the welcomed answer of the horn on the shore. On the horizon, the reddish color of a city, diffused by the fog into a blazing apron, offered a welcome sight.

Then the ferry, rubbing against the creaking, wooden dock walls, screeched into the wharf.....

The last automobile had rolled off the ferry. Now it was all empty except for one old, tawny man, who with hat pulled down and collar turned up limped to the stern which had now become the bow. He had traveled this way many times before and he was confident.

Merritt Nielson

Faith, Not Sight

Not many girls nineteen years of age board a Trailways bus and travel 1,500 miles to stay with people they have never met. This was the situation that I found myself in, last May.

While attending Central Bible Institute in Springfield, Missouri, I ran across a program called Ministerial Internship, designed for ministerial students or those interested in full-time Christian service. They would have a chance to spend a summer helping some little church, and in return could put their book knowledge to work with actual ministerial training. They would be expected to support themselves completely for one summer, with no assistance from the pastor in procuring a job, home or food.

Much thought and prayer went into my decision to leave my home in Springfield and go to Guilford, Connecticut, for a summer. Three days before I was to leave, I didn't even have enough money for my bus ticket, but I told the Lord that if He wanted me to go to Guilford He would have to provide the finances. The very next day someone told me that he would give me $35.55 for my bus ticket. Needless to say, my faith really soared. An hour before I was to board the bus I almost backed out. I realized, however, that if I was ever going to be fit for the Master's use, I must learn to live by faith.

I got as far as New Haven, Connecticut, about twenty miles south of Guilford, before I found out that buses didn't go to Guilford. So I called the pastor and his wife and asked them

to come after me. They were so gracious about coming after me that I lost a few of my plaguing fears. While waiting in the bus depot, I kept wondering how I was going to recognize the people who were coming after me. Every man that walked into the station seemed a likely person to be a minister.

Within ten minutes, I felt right at home with the Marianos. They were in their early twenties and just young enough to know what to say to a lonely, frightened teenage girl to make her feel right at home. When we arrived in Guilford, they showed me to my room. I told them that I understood that I was to find my own room. No amount of pleading would do any good. Danny and Judie Mariano told me that they thought anyone willing to travel so many miles to a strange place deserved to at least have a room to stay in. This served as one more check point to let me know that I was in the Lord's will.

From the very first day in Guilford, I was put to work in the church. For two weeks I helped in Vacation Bible School, doing anything I was asked to do. Also my duties included playing the piano for all services, teaching a primary Sunday school class, being church janitor, helping to paint the outside of the church, doing visitation and working with the young people. Also, I counseled at Youth Camp for two weeks and assisted in a Vacation Bible School in Quincy, Massachusetts. Danny, Judie and I sang in a trio. As a finale to my summer

activities, I spoke in church the last Sunday night that I was in Guilford. I hesitate to say preach because I don't want to be "branded" as a lady preacher.

I would recommend such a summer to any ministerial student. Besides learning how to get along with all types of people and using all of one's talents, however small, the most important thing I learned was "we walk by faith, not by sight."

Karen Cubie

A Living Church

A pine grove is a woodsy cathedral. There, the trunks, bare underneath, stretch dimly up into the vast, high, dark canopy overhead. Sounds are hushed, and the floor of the grove is carpeted with untold generations of fragrant fallen spills. The stillness, dimness and soaring height of the aisles of trees make one feel that he is in the carpeted sanctuary of a great cathedral. The air is perfumed with the sweet incense of the pine, and here and there, where a bright spot of sunlight reached the floor from windows in the branches high above, there is a small bowl of colorful woodland flowers, offerings at the many side altars of this living church. For music, there is the chatter and trilling of birds, the chirring of squirrels, and the playing the great organ of the trees.

Always, one of the woodland congregation can be seen in the trees overhead or the floor beneath, or even in mid-air, soaring through the aisles or scampering in the arches overhead, or perhaps just sitting, looking about in silent wonder.

I feel much closer to God in the forest, especially in a stand of patriarchs like these, than in a man-made house of worship, with its windows colored or frosted to shut the world outside and make one concentrate on the formal rows of pews and straight flat walls. These dead works of man cannot compare with the live churches God has made.

Donovan Bowley

Alive

Milking finished at last! Now you have only to turn the cows out and sweep the barn. You are dead tired, you ache to the bone, you walk with leaden feet, you see things vaguely through the slits in your weighted eyelids, you feel the depression brought on by total fatigue and monotonous chores. Everything seems unreal and remote. The stifling, acrid air of the cow stable seems to be resisting your every move and makes even shallow breathing laborious. The old broom seems heavier than usual; it leaves patches unswept that have to be done over. Oh, will you ever finish? A glance through the dirty cobwebbed window tells you it's still dark, but the old fly-specked clock over the door reads five o'clock. It's getting late. Hurry or you'll be late for church.

As you step through the barn door you are hit in the face with the cool, clean air of an early spring morning. Your senses are awakened, but only to feel the fatigue and ache more acutely. You have a mile of uphill walking to your home and with each agonizing step you want to sit down and cry.

But as you go on, the languid feelings seem to be draining away. With every step your strength returns. You inhale deeply of the crisp air, you straighten up from your stooped posture, you raise your eyes from their earthward stare to see that it is getting light. One by one the stars flicker and go out. You can distinguish the trees and bushes now. The animals are awakening. A rabbit darts from under your feet, a cow in the

south meadow lows her morning song in a deep bass voice, a sparrow warbles its sweet tunes of ecstacy.

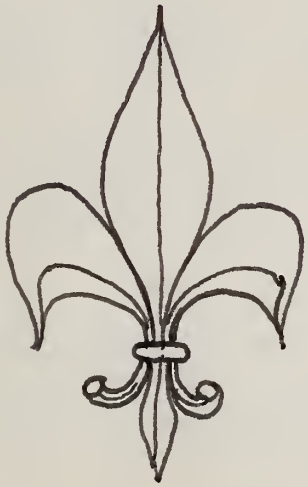
All nature is awakening, so you sit on an old hickory stump to watch the arrival of the new day. In the east, two barn swallows dip and rise in quest of a morning meal for their newly hatched young. Three long, finger-like clouds hover over the eastern horizon. A moment ago they were gray; in the rays of the yet hidden sun they become red, then orange, then golden. With the suddenness of a flushed pheasant, the sun leaps over the horizon into the sky and announces to the world a new day.

Nature has been resurrected from the death of darkness, your own spirit has been transformed from depression to exhilaration, all is well with the world and yourself. Arise and rejoice. You are alive and free. It is Easter morning.

William Shainline

Act V

Favourites



Scene i

Best All-'Round

Mike Woodruff

Janet Kleppinger

"The true and perfect image of life indeed."

I Henry IV, Act v, sc. 4.

Wittiest

Dick Pritchard
Bev Wiley

"Thinkest thou I jest?"

The Comedy of Errors, Act ii, sc. 2

Popular

Wayne Yerxa
Juanita Parry

"All tongues speak of him." Coriolanus, Act ii, sc. 1.

Leaders

Merritt Nielson
Judy Knox

"The ringleaders and head of all this rout."

II Henry VI, Act iii, sc. 1.

School Spirit

Lee Haas
Cheryl Hiers

"Your spirits shine through you." Macbeth, Act iii, sc. 1

Best-Looking

Jesse McFarland
Joan Greany

"Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast."

King John, Act iii, sc. 1

Sophisticated

Kim Kimball

Sue Moore

"Our courtiers say all's savage but at court."

Cymbeline, Act vi, sc. 2

Athletes

Lloyd Shannon
Cheryl Ford

"What sport tonight?" Anthony and Cleopatra, Act i, sc.1

Geniuses

David Bowen
Pat Smith

I know what I know." Comedy of Errors, Act iii, sc. 1

Friendliest

Paul Wehr
Nancy Parry

"If I do now a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article." Othello, Act iii, sc. 3.

Smiles

Brian Mathers
Janice Williams

"Some that smile have in their heart, I fear,
millions of mischiefs." Julius Caesar, Act iv, sc.1

Courteous

Jim Johnston
Cheryl Mason

"The mirror of all courtesy." Henry VIII, Act ii, sc. 1

Sincere

Jim Grinnen

Sandy Ward

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds."

Measure for Measure, Act v, sc. 1,

Shyest

Jim Hite

Annabelle Turnbull

Boldness, be my friend." Cymbeline, Act i, c. 6

Musicians

Ray Patch
Sherry Dalton

"If music be the food of love, play on."

Twelfth Night, Act i, sc. 1

Inseparables

Roger Coleman
Virginia Parlee

"Clubs, clubs! there lovers will not keep the peace."

Titus Andronicus, Act ii, sc. 1.

Scene ii

Erroll Adams - "Accent is the soul of talk: it gives it feeling and verity."

Marian Adams - "Ham, Baloney and Egg Salad?"

Maribeth Adams - "And quiet did quiet remain."

Patrick Adams - "Next to love, quietness."

William Adamson - "As for the bass, the beast can only bellow."

Paul Anderson - "You will be welcome with this intelligences."

Gordon Angell - "The seaman sets his sails to suit the breeze."

Bernard Arnold - "There is no greater delight than to be conscious of sincerity."

Douglas Atkinson - "He wears the rose of youth upon him."

John Baker - "I have watched the night, Ay, night by night..."

David Bennett - "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him."

Jean Benson
Joan Benson - "Myself and a sister born in an hour."

Barbara Bertsch - "Is she not passing fair?"

Janie Boger - "Here ways are ways of pleasantness."

David Bowen - "Hence, an erudite scholar!"

David Bower - "One of these days is none of these days."

Donovan Bowley - "Thou nature art my goddess."

Robert Brenner - "Let's have no fooling about it."

Wadaa Bryant - "But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?"

Brent Burgess - "Anything for a quiet life."

David Burley - "The sincere alone can recognise sincerity."

Nancy Cabisius - "Her hairs were gold."

Mike Campanelli - "The courteous man learns courtesy from the discourteous."

Rachel Childes - "Play on, Harsichord, play on."

Jaci Church - "Knowledge is power!"

Carolyn Clemens- "And so she flirted like a true good women."

Edward Cochran - "Where you see a jester, a fool is not far off."

Roger Coleman - "I assure you she's the dearest girl."

Miriam Collom - "Where the remote Bermudas ride,
In the ocean's bosom unespied."

Janet Cooley - "She sings like one immortal."

Peter Crossman - "Whoso would be a man must be a non-conformist."

Karen Cubie - "I am nothing, if not critical."

Sherry Dalton - "I have a reasonabley good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones."

David Daniel - "To the ignorant even the words of the wise seem foolish."

Grace Dankleman - "Now music, sound and sing your solemn hymn."

Ernest Deal - "Though modesty be a virtue, yet bashfulness is a vice."

Marjorie DeArmond - "Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in women."

Joan Del Gallo - "Both short and sweet some say is best."

Starr Dolber - "Twinkling star."

Charles Eby - "My mind's not on it."

Connie Fetters - "So free we seem, so fettered fast we are."

Andrew Fife - "For mine own part, it was Greek to me."

Anne Fitzgerald - "Five minutes late. Zounds; I've been five minutes late all my life."

Cherly Ford - "Be that you seem, truly your country's friend."

Glenn Galusha - "A sly, old fish, too cunning for the hook."

Butch Gamble - "I see you have some religion."

Dorothy Garrison - "God is so proud of those who are tall."

Bruce Gilmore - "Work, Work, Work !!!!"

Barbara Girard - "Ask me what you will and I will grant it."

Richard Glick - "Conceit is God's gift to little men."

Kenneth Goldberg - "There is no love sincerer than the love of food."

Glen Goslaw - "What is a church?"

Joan Greany - "The things are most dear to us which have cost us most."

Curt Greer - "Still he smiled and talked."

Derek Griffin - "Only Englishmen and mad dogs go out in the noonday sun."

James Grinnen - "I am the very pink of courtesy."

Karen Groves - "God helps those who strive hard."

Jennifer Gunnerson - "Some cupid kills with arrows and some with traps."

Carol Guston - "In all submission and humility."

Lee Haas - "A joke never gains over an enemy, but often loses a friend."

William Halchuck - "A dry jest, sir ... I have them at my finger's end."

Robert Hale - "Most glorious night: Thou wast not sent for slumber."

Karen Hamlin - "A soul of this woman is her clothes."

Jean Hansrote - "Double self."

Joan Hansrote - "Are you serious?"

Edward Harris - "For me, it is to laugh."

Diana Hartsgrove - "A passion for a scarlet coat."

Ethel Haslett - "I music be the food of love, play on."

Gerald Hayse - "He need not go away from home for instruction."

Warren Hazel - "From a little spark may burst a mighty flood."

Charlene Herron - "In goodness there are all kinds of wisdom."

Cherly Hiers - "If they can't do it, coach can!"

Richard Higby - "Friendship is not to be bought at a fair."

C. James Hite - "I'm shy, nervous, modest, retiring, and diffident."

Dixon Hoyle - "I'll gladly learn."

John Julbert - "The good and the wise lead quiet lives."

Karen Hunsberger - "The days that make us happy make us wise."

George Hunt - "All unknown to me."

Jeanette Hunter - "A good laugh is sunshine in a house."

Grace Jobes - "They know no country, own no love,
There home the camp, their law the sword."

Teresa Johnson - "Shrewd Tutor."

James Johnston - "The greatest blessing is a true friend."

Cecil Jones - "I am more than common tall."

Joanne Jones - "What is the end of study?"

John Jordan - "Why that to know, which else we should not know."

Glenn Jowder - "The brains may devise laws for the blood, but
a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree."

William Judkins - "Content thyself to be obscurely good."

Peter Kawa - "Cool"

Margaret Kernan - "He loves me well; and I have given him reasons."

Christine Kilpatrick - "None that I love more than myself."

Kathy Kilponen - "Her did she promise and assured success."

Albert Kimball - "Think of me as you please."

Janet Kleppinger - "O for a beaker full of the warm south."

Judith Knox - "The nightengale got no prize at the poultry show."

Sue Kovach - "Wild and yet, too, gentle."

Jill Lewis - "On the wings of song."

Ruth Linder - "The misery of man is great upon her."

Hota Edward Liu - "Friendships the wine of life."

Sue Locascio - "A good wit will make use of anything."

Kathy Lockwood - "A charms are nonsense, nonsense is a charm."

Janice Long - "I can be quiet."

Daniel Lutts - "Be what thou seemest! Live they creed!"

Gayle MacDonald - "Merry as a cricet."

Marie McIntyre - "What trifles make for happiness!"

Richard McCloy - "Those Rooks dear from Morning till night."

Jesse McFarland - "It is a great plague to be too handsome."

Cheryl Mason - "Endurance is the crowing quality, and patience all the passion of great hearts."

Brian Mathers - "Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it."

Marilyn Mathers - "Her hairs were gold."

Eunice Meier - "She knows her man."

Darla Mentch - "I am sorry that your leisrue serves you not."

Juanita Mesick - "I am my own emperor."

Leslie Molyneaux - "I praise the Frenceman."

Gladys Moon - "My own mind and my own church."

Linda Moon - "Yet still she is a moon."

Susan Moore - "Spread oer the silver waves, thy golden hairs."

Eva Morrison - "Sheltered in her little cove."

Patricia Mott - "Self denial is indulging of a propensity to to forego

Carol Munz - "Unless you bear the faults of a friend you betray your own."

Janet Murray - "Know thyself."

John Newell - "Oratory is the huffing and blustering spoiled child of a semi-barbarous age."

Louise Newton - "A godly medicine for my aching bones."

Merritt Nielson - "The tongue runs fastest when the brain is in neutral."

Doreen Oates - "A friend should bear his friends infirmities."

Fred Ortel - "While I stand folling here."

Virginia Parlee - "If I love you, what business is it of yours."

Juanita Parry - "Better be happy than wise."

Nancy Parry - "Friendship like love is but a name - gay."

Ray Patch - "The trumpet of his own virtues."

Jaci Pearsall - "Heaven give you many many merry days."

Phoebe Phillips - "Knowledge is the knowing that we cannot know."

Albert Pierson - "Good things are twice as good when they are short."

Richard Pritchard - "The liveliest effusions of wit and humor."

Judith Reid - "In a good surgeon a hawk's eye, a lion's heart and a ladies hair."

Ronald Riley - "He is a self-made man and worships his creator."

Janis Robbins - "Youth is full of pleasances - passionate pilgrim."

John Rollston - "I dream of Nancy with long blonde hair."

Wilma Rose - "A rose by any other name would not smell as sweet."

Donald Rozema - "I always have loved Thee, I love Thee today, and I swear I will love Thee forever and aye!"

Lauren Russell - "Leave tomorrow till tomorrow."

Ruth Russell - "The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Verna Saffel - "Forth my mimic comes."

Aleta Savage - "Where hearts are true, few words will do."

Sharon Savage - "Self-respect - that cornerstone of all virture."

William Shainline - "Only his hairdresser knows for sure."

Lloyd Shannon - "Play up, play up, and play the game."

Lucille Shoff - "The treasury of everlasting joy."

Roger Shores - "That pale,that whire fared shore."

Merle Sinclair - "Two anons and a by-and-by is an hour-and-a-half."

Patricia Smith - "The smile that won't come off."

James Snell - "The quiet smile."

Carol Soulsby - "Friendship is a sheltering tree."

James Stacy - "Every man has business and desire, such as it is."

Arthur Sullivan - "I do not in the least object to a sport because it is rough."

Faye Straight - "In short, there never was a better hearer."

Thelma Steady - "With her personage, her tall personage."

Carolyn Teubner - "Bashful sincerity and comely love."

Lionel Thomas - "I speak of Africa and golden joys."

Martin Thomas - "True happiness is to no spot confined."

Bonnie Tink - "As busy as bees."

Keith Tucker - "A car! A car! My kingdom for a car!"

Annabel Turnbull - "Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece."

Kenneth Turner - "All art consists in bringing something into existence."

Sandra Ward - "A due sincerity govern'd her deeds."

Paul Wehr - "There is your money that i was to keep."

Maynard Weymouth - "In God, -work, worship ... therefore let us pray."

Gordon Wheaton - "Give me quietness."

Glee Wheeler - "I have had a dream."

Sandra Wild - "True dignity abides with her alone."

Beverly Wiley - "An ounce of wit is worth a pound of sorrow."

Janice Williams - "Pleasing ware is half sold."

Mike Woodruff - Nowhere so busy a man as he there was, and yet he seemed busier than he was."

Carol Woods - "Like an arch, reverberates the voice again."

Sarah Wooling - "Understanding is the wealth of wealth."

Wayne Yerxa - "Order is Heaven's first law."

In Memoriam

In Memoriam

My country's good with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound than mine own life.

Coriolanus, Act iii, sc. 3, l. 111

John F. Kennedy

35th President

of the United States of America

1917 ~ 1963

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his life time plays many parts.

Finis